

FUNNY FOLKS

No Chance for Rust.

Householder—I want you to send a man up to the house to take out the meter.
Gasman—What for?
Householder—I am going away for three months.
Gasman—Oh, don't worry about the meter. It won't get rusty.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Study in Homonymy.

She said: "I do not know."
These words I dreamed she spoke; That, since it seemed as though She could not "yes" evoke, She said: "I do not know."
'Twas different when I woke— The language fools one so!— She said: "I do not! No!" —Town Topics.

HE HAD MARRIED HER.



He—I used to pay that woman compliments five years ago.
She—What do you pay her now?
He—Alimony.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In Campaign Times.

They sang long ago in dull accents of woe A delicate dirge of "The Man with the Hoe."
But now when political strife stirs the throng, It's the man with the barrel who most moves the throng. —Washington Star.

Bond of Sympathy.

"Do you like young Mr. Clifford's looks?"
"Yes, I do, very much."
"Don't his ears seem rather long?"
"Yes, they are rather long. But you must remember that I'm a Missouri girl, and dad made his fortune trading mules." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Inanimate Inanities.

"They tell me," said the Hammer, "that you think yourself a clever accountant."
"O, I ain't so many," said the Tack, "but when I stand on my head some one is apt to get stuck on me." —Indianapolis Press.

Easily Refuted.

Railway Agent—Our railway, madam, is strictly up to date in every respect.
Madam—Nonsense! Look at this woman on your excursion folder; her sleeves have been out of style for three years. —Chicago Record.

Carrying a Mortgage.

Bilkins—Jimson must have built that fine house of his under a mortgage, didn't he?
Wilkins—I notice his shoulders are beginning to look like a Mansard roof. —N. Y. Weekly.

Posterity Suffers.

"The Newriches have no children, have they?"
"No. They haven't any time to raise children. They're too busy cultivating their ancestors." —Philadelphia Press.

Alack! Alack!

The milk of human kindness Is seldom rich with cream; In fact, of earthly things but few Are really what they seem. —Chicago Daily News.

CHEERING.



Papa—So this is the young lady, is it? Well, I can only say she doesn't look quite the idiot she must be to want to marry you.—Ally Sloper.

But We Don't.

This world is full of beauty. As are other worlds above; And if we but did our duty, It might be full of love. —Chicago Daily News.

Their Substitute.

"How do you suppose Adam and Eve reckoned the time without clock or calendar?"
"I don't know, but they had a date tree, didn't they?" —Town Topics.

He Knew the Brands.

Mrs. Starvem—Will you have some milk and some sugar in your tea?
Grimshaw—If you please, madam, just a little drop of water and a little grain of sand.—Town Topics.

The Impolite Janitor.

"Can I take my wheel inside?"
"I should think you could with that mouth." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE TOWEL MAN SCOLDS.

He Gives the Guilty Office Girl Some Information About His Business.

The young man whose person was swathed in an impenetrable bandage composed of multitudinous towels stuck one hand out of his linen prison and shook a sample of his collection fiercely toward the young woman sitting before the typewriting machine. "Do you know what it is on this towel?" he asked, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The young woman looked sharply at the multi-colored stains that had broken out like a virulent rash on the saffron surface of the towel in question. "It looks like ink," she hazarded.

"And that's what it is," said the man. "Red ink, black ink, blue ink, green ink. How'd it get there?"

The young woman squirmed uneasily. "My goodness," she said. "How should I know? I didn't put it there."

The man ceased to wave his war flag and held aloft a clean towel as a sign of truce. "I'm glad to hear that," he said. "I thought maybe you did know."

I thought maybe you put it there yourself. The girls seem to think towels are made just for straining ink and such things. My, oh, my, the uses that office towels are put to. Bootblacks use them to polish shoes, scrub women take them for floor cloths and dust rags, and you girls use them for blot-

ters, sponges, machine rags and general utility purposes. Sometimes one of you will try to wriggle out when accused of the mischief you've done, but it's no use to be crafty to me. I can tell the guilty one every pop. It's fun, though, to hear what some of you will say when cornered. Why, there was a young woman up on the sixth floor of this building who ran out of work the other day, and what did she do but dabble the office towels around in a puddle of purple ink for a pastime.

When I came around on my collecting tour I asked her about it. And what do you suppose she said? Well, sir, she swore up and down that she had had the nosebleed and had used all those towels to wipe her nose on. Wouldn't that jar you? You ought to have heard me talk to her. I laid down the law to the queen's taste.

"Holy smoke!" said I. "You've got the funniest-colored blood I ever saw. And it's a wonder to me, said I, 'that you don't literally walter in your own gore a-losin' so much blood as this at one time.' The girl had backbone and wouldn't own up, but I knew all those purple spots were ink just as well as if I had seen her playin' in it."

"If you girls knew the first thing about the towel-supply business," the man went on in an aggrieved tone, "you would be more careful, upon my word you would. Just let me give you a few statistics as a moral guidance. The firm I work for puts good material into their towels—material that, with ordinary usage would last a year, but which, with the abuse an office towel is subjected to, is worn into tatters in three months. Somehow, shoes polish and ink will eat holes right through the strongest of toweling. Our firm handles about 80,000 towels a month—that means 240,000 in three months. Now, if you girls would be reasonably careful, those 240,000 towels would last a year, easily, but with your reckless, extravagant ways, we have to lay in a new stock four times a year, which brings the figure up to 1,000,000 towels that we have to make every 12 months. And that, mind you, is the number handled by one firm alone. When you multiply that by the dozen or more other concerns in the same business you have a total of at least 12,000,000 towels that are destroyed every year by the indiscriminate and even criminal use of ink and shoe blacking. Some times I think you girls must be in league with the linen mills so that they can get a chance to sell us towel folks 12,000,000 yards of goods each year, instead of 3,000,000 yards, which we could get along with if you girls were not so destructive, and would do the right thing by us."

The girl at the typewriter machine turned pale.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I had no idea that the towel-supply business had attained such gigantic proportions. I feel for all the world like a thief or a murderer. I'll furnish my own towels after this."

CONTROLLING SYMPATHY.

We Have No More Right to Be Prodigious with It Than with Our Fortunes.

It is commonly said that no man or woman can be perfectly happy in this world, for if all that was necessary to make one happy fell to his or her lot, unhappiness would creep in through seeing the suffering and sorrow of others, says A. S. Atkinson, M. D., in Woman's Home Companion. This sympathy with the world of people around us serves us many valuable lessons, and we would not eliminate it from our lives if we could. But we have no more right to be prodigious with our sympathies and emotions than we have with our fortunes. It is as much our duty to hold our powers of sympathizing with others under control as it is to curtail our passions. Excessive expenditure of nervous energy for others is a crime upon our own natures, and we have no authority to justify us in its commission. Yet the man or woman who sees only the gloomy side of life will waste energy and emotions in this way if there is no other channel through which they can be expended for self. A clear comprehension of the sufferings in the world is necessary for our well-being, but undue brooding or emotional sympathy over them will accomplish nothing but evil. We merely add to our own burden without lightening in any degree whatsoever that of the world.

FIRST USED IN THE STATES.

Armored Trains Were Employed Originally During the Civil War in This Country.

As with a great many other utilitarian devices, the Americans were the first to construct an actual armored train. During the civil war in the states a mob destroyed the bridges on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railway, and in order to prevent a recurrence of the disorders and to protect the line generally, the government hit upon the expedient of converting a long, flat baggage car into a small movable battery. The car was built up and covered in with thick sheet iron, in which were pierced a number of loopholes for musketry. Port holes were arranged at the center and at each end, and a cannon on a traversing turntable was mounted for duty at each or either of the port holes. The projectiles used were of a somewhat extraordinary character, being nothing more or less than disks cut from boiler plates.

Perhaps the most effective use of the armored trains, up to recent years, says the Chicago Chronicle, was made by the French during the siege of Paris. In these trains both engines and carriages were bullet proof, and contained a number of loopholes. Each train carrying four small cannon which could be readily and expeditiously maneuvered from the train, was capable of holding 500 men. Considerable use was made of these trains in bringing in provisions to the beleaguered Frenchmen, and they were turned to account by the communists afterward against the government troops until their position was outflanked by heavy naval guns.

In the year 1882 an armored train, which was only partially protected by boiler plates and sandbags, was used against the Egyptian rebels under Arabi Pasha. A similar contrivance was also employed at Kassasin previous to the British advance on Tel-el-Kebir. One operating in Chili during the civil war, and a sandbag protected, or "armored" train, equipped with a field gun, was utilized with advantage in the Soudan quite recently. In Cuba a locomotive and truck, protected with three-eighths-inch boiler plates, was sent in advance to pilot and protect from the rebels the trains between Colon and Santa Clara.

The South African armored trains now being employed by the authorities consist of nothing more or less than ordinary cars covered with from half to three-quarters of an inch of common steel, the locomotives being similarly protected, and a car placed in front with a gun in advance. These trains are, of course, of little or no use if the line falls into the hands of the enemy—a few dynamite cartridges or the removal of a rail or two (as was painfully demonstrated in the recent disaster to the Mafeking train) would render them a source more of danger than service.

The German emperor has an idea that "war cars" can be constructed on a plan which he has devised, which will enable them to traverse at will over a battlefield or territory which does not present impossible geographical difficulties. He proposes that each car shall be complete in itself and in size about that of a Pullman. The sides are to be constructed to fall just above the level of the ground, in order to protect the wheels. These plated sides will consist of steel of great resisting force, and will be pierced with a requisite number of port or loop holes for quick firing and machine guns and rifles. In order that a possible enemy may not be able to get on top of the car, it is to be made with sharp bayonet spikes protruding from the sides and roof. The whole idea seems very chimerical, but as the world-famed Krupp is responsible and has now an experimental car in progress, it would scarcely be safe to say that there is nothing in the idea.

CHINA'S GREATEST ACTOR.

The Sir Henry Irving of the Mongols Has a Great Reputation.

The brightest light upon the stage in China is in many respects a duplicate of Sir Henry Irving. The drama is highly esteemed by the Celestials, and those who "strut and fret upon the stage" are regarded as next in rank to the mandarins, says a London exchange.

In a severely plain and simple place of amusement in Peking, devoid of ornamentation of any kind, a recent arrival from the flowery kingdom had the pleasure of seeing Fon Chong Mai, the Sir Henry Irving of China, act the leading part in a play entitled "Ching-Won-Bowoh." The plot of this play contains nothing new to an Englishman familiar with Shakespeare. There is scarcely an incident or proverb in the piece which does not recall the work of the great poet. Fon Chong Mai is a popular man and a great actor. For over 300 years his family has been identified with the actors' art, and when he acts he is often attired in a costume which an ancestor wore two centuries ago on the stage. He is a man of the keenest perception, highly educated in Chinese arts and sciences, and should he by any misfortune be obliged to quit the stage he could earn his living in almost any business or profession. His memory is prodigious, and he possesses a repertory which includes all the great religious plays of the Mandarin dialect, some of them filling scores of volumes.

Like his great English contemporary, he is a splendid companion.

Vacation Economy.

"While I was away, Kitty, you saved some house money, of course?"

"Yes, Harry, I saved a lot; but I spent it all on ice cream." —Detroit Free Press.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Hamilton, theological seminary claims to be the oldest Baptist seminary in the world.

Among the 569 students at the University of Lausanne this summer there are 4 women; but of these only five are Swiss, 53 being Russian women, and of these 44 are studying medicine.

John H. Smith, the only native of Finland on the police force of New York city, recently secured the permission of the elders of Calvary Presbyterian church of that city to hold services for his countrymen in the church building on Sunday afternoons. The Finlanders of New York never have had a place of worship.

The general Presbyterian assembly of 1900, meeting at St. Louis, determined to celebrate the advent of the new century by special services to be held in connection with the session of the assembly at Philadelphia in 1901. An important part of this celebration will be a report upon the twentieth century memorial fund, which the general assembly authorized.

Colgate university has had no addition to its endowment during the past year, though several large gifts have added to its working equipment, among these the new president's house, just completed at a cost of about \$27,000, and an addition to the campus valued at about \$4,000. The endowment proper has increased by natural growth, under the provisions of gift of the Dodge memorial fund, about \$20,000.

According to the latest authorities there are 70 distinct churches of the Presbyterian family. These embrace in round numbers 29,809 congregations, 26,600 ministers, 127,000 elders, 4,900,000 communicants, 337,000 Sabbath school teachers, 3,500,000 pupils. The Presbyterian churches contribute for home work \$32,090,205 and about \$35,640,760 for foreign missions. They support 840 ordained foreign missionaries, 1,306 medical missionaries, 465 ordained native workers, and have among the heathen over 148,000 pupils.

HE JUST PLAYED ON.

A Terre Haute Musician Who Tooted Defiance at the Bolts of Jupiter.

Over in Terre Haute, "on the banks of the Wabash," there is a brass band which has, for a good many years, borne the reputation of being one of the best, if not the best, in the state. Whenever this band appears in the streets of Terre Haute or any other city in Indiana, it is sure to attract a crowd, and the quality of the music it renders makes this fact easily accounted for, says the Indianapolis News. The band has a solo alto player who is a genius in his way. He can play anything that can be blown into or scratched with a bow, and his part in the "music by the band" is always an important one. This artist is a German, more or less phlegmatic in temperament. It has often been said that nothing seemed to rattle him when out with the band, and his stolidity in the face of accidents is a by-word with the other members of the band. Street cars have run into the parade, runaway horses and teams have scattered the other members of the band like chaff before the wind, but the solo alto kept serenely on without even losing step. The other members of the band look on Gus as a kind of uncanny being, absolutely devoid of nerves.

On a recent Sunday the band was engaged to play at the baseball park in Terre Haute, and while waiting for the car that was to take them out, a storm came up. The band went to Seventh and Main streets to "wait till the clouds rolled by," and while waiting they gave the guests of the Terre Haute house, at the corner, a serenade. Several selections were played, but still the rain kept up, or down, and lightning began to blaze. Finally, as the band was getting in its best licks at "On the Banks of the Wabash," the storm reached its climax. The front of the hotel is ornamented with several towers above the fourth story, and just as Gus was beating down strong on the solo part of the air so dear to Terre Haute people, lightning struck one of the towers and ran down the front of the building. The bolt was of sufficient force to create a panic. Chairs were overturned, and their occupants knocked "galley west," tilting from the roof fell in a shower, and the members of the band were hurled into the street or against the wall of the hotel. The man who operates the tuba was thrown into the middle of the street car tracks, and others were lying around in more or less picturesque attitudes for half a block. All except Gus. When the smoke cleared away, there stood the solo alto, playing away as if nothing had happened, and competent witnesses declare that he never missed a note. With his eyes half closed, he was blowing away at "The Banks of the Wabash," and not until he reached the end did he pause. Then he looked around for the rest of the band and asked, in a surprised tone: "Vot de matter off you fellers?"

Nobody had told him yet; they say it wouldn't be any use, because Dewey on the bridge at Manila was in a panic compared to Gus.

Value of the Museums.

Education having lain mainly in the school-room and the lecture-room, in the study and the library, the opportunities of museums and exhibition and of travel commonly come too late to be of much real use. Here, as in some other respects, our children are more fortunate, and are having not only a better time at school now, but are obtaining a better preparation also. They are going to the museums, to the city and to the country; they are often learning first to observe keenly, to remember vividly, to interpret shrewdly and to question eagerly, to read hungrily afterward. —International Monthly.

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From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:10 p. m.
From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.
To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:16 p. m.
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

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DECEMBER 9TH, 1898.

EAST BOUND.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Pam.	Pam.	Pam.	Mixed
Live Frankfort a 7:00am	3:40pm	1:00pm	
Live Elkhorn 7:10am	3:50pm	1:10pm	
Live Louisville 7:20am	4:00pm	1:20pm	
Live Stamping Grnd 7:30am	4:10pm	1:30pm	
Live Duval 7:40am	4:20pm	1:40pm	
Live Johnson 7:50am	4:30pm	1:50pm	
Live Georgetown 8:00am	4:40pm	2:00pm	
Live C & R Depot b 8:10am	4:50pm	2:10pm	
Live Newtwn 8:20am	5:00pm	2:20pm	
Live Centerville 8:30am	5:10pm	2:30pm	
Live Elizabeth 8:40am	5:20pm	2:40pm	
Arr Paris c 8:50am	5:30pm	2:50pm	

WEST BOUND.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Pam.	Pam.	Pam.	Mixed
Live Paris c 9:00am	5:40pm	3:00pm	
Live Elizabeth 9:10am	5:50pm	3:10pm	
Live Centerville 9:20am	6:00pm	3:20pm	
Live Newtwn 9:30am	6:10pm	3:30pm	
Live C & R Depot b 9:40am	6:20pm	3:40pm	
Live Georgetown 9:50am	6:30pm	3:50pm	
Live Johnson 10:00am	6:40pm	4:00pm	
Live Duval 10:10am	6:50pm	4:10pm	
Live Stamping Grnd 10:20am	7:00pm	4:20pm	
Live Louisville 10:30am	7:10pm	4:30pm	
Live Elkhorn 10:40am	7:20pm	4:40pm	
Arr Frankfort a 10:50am	7:30pm	4:50pm	

Daily except Sunday.
a Connects with L. & N.; b connects with Q.
c connects with Ky. Central.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL POINTS.

P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
2:40	7:50	Frankfort	Ar 1:20
4:24	7:50	Georgetown	Ar 1:20
5:10	8:40	Paris	Ar 1:20
5:30	8:40	Mayville	Ar 1:20
6:16	11:42	Winchester	Ar 1:20
7:20	1:30	Richmond	Ar 1:20

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